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ILLINOIS

Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; in short, *let it become the political religion of the nation.*—LINCOLN.

MEMORIAL DAY

1906

ILLINOIS STATE LIBRARY

ILLINOIS STATE LIBRARY.

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BOOKS may be taken from the State Library by the members of the General Assembly and its officers during the session of the Legislature, and at any time by the Governor, and the officers of the Executive Department of this State who are required to keep their offices at the seat of government, and the Justices of the Supreme and Appellate Courts.

No person shall be allowed to take any book or property from the Library without executing a receipt therefor, nor to take or detain from the Library more than two volumes of miscellaneous works at any one time.

No miscellaneous works shall be detained more than two weeks. All Laws, Journals, etc., taken by members of the Legislature shall be returned at the close of the session.

If any person injures, or fails to return any book taken from the Library within the time above mentioned, HE SHALL FORFEIT AND PAY TO THE LIBRARIAN, for the benefit of the Library, THREE TIMES THE VALUE THEREOF, or of the set to which it belongs.

Any person, not above mentioned, who takes books or other articles from the State Library without the consent of the Librarian will be prosecuted for larceny.

Any person taking books from the State Library without reporting the same to the Librarian or assistant, and causing the same to be properly charged upon the Register, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

No entry of charge or return of books will be permitted to be made, except by the Librarian or assistant.

Persons using books of the Library will return the same to the Librarian or assistant.

JAMES A. ROSE,
Secretary of State and ex-officio State Librarian.

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CIRCULAR 81.

OFFICE OF
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 1, 1906.

To the Teachers of Illinois:

Your attention is called to the approaching Memorial Day. I recommend that Tuesday, May 29, 1906, be set apart for appropriate exercises in all schools which may be in session at that time. Such exercises should be so planned as to impress upon the minds of the children the profound significance of the Memorial Day, and what it stands for. They should not tend to glorify war, but rather the blessings of peace. While it may be true that wars will not cease within the lifetime of any child now born, it is true that the chances of war between great nations become less with every passing year. The settlement by arbitration of controversies between nations is becoming the practice, and war the exception. Within the last decade there have been four wars, and nine conflicts in which arms have played a part, ranging from the most collossal war of modern times to the Panama revolution. During the same period there have been ten times as many settlements by the pacific means of arbitration. A permanent international court of arbitration has been set up and will hereafter adjust the major part of the disputes which might otherwise lead to war. So it will not be out of place to teach the children that the true grandeur of a nation is not its achievements in war, but its influence toward universal peace. Grant said, "Let us have peace!" When Lincoln was able to say, "The signs look better. Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay," he added, "and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time." The highest glory to be achieved by our country is to be recognized among all nations as the greatest maker and keeper of the peace that "is worth the keeping" in the whole round world.

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But the war for the Union needs no apologist. Its purpose was to save the life of a nation. There was no alternative. It was the supreme test to determine "whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure." Few of the men who fought on either side were professional soldiers. By far the greater number were young men such as Grant said composed the Twenty-first infantry, "the sons of farmers, lawyers, physicians, politicans, merchants, bankers and ministers, and some men of maturer years."

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In this respect all the other regiments were like Grant's. Old soldiers of the civil war saw the volunteers of the Spanish war march by and said, "How young they are," forgetting that in '61 they, themselves, were no older. In future wars, the re-united country will depend upon the young men, for a large standing army is not likely soon to become one of our institutions. So it becomes a duty of the schools to teach boys that patriotism includes a willingness to volunteer when men are needed in a righteous cause.

But we stop far short of our duty if we thus limit the lesson in patriotism. Loyalty to country is a constant force, operating in time of peace as well as war, and extending to every duty of citizenship. One who merely is ready to rise to a great emergency is but an imperfect patriot. There are duties of the citizen in the school district, the township, the city and the State, which are always with us. The opportunity to die for our country is rare. Opportunities to live for her abide. Our training for citizenship, or better, in citizenship, should take notice of these. No body of men has ever set better examples of good citizenship in times of peace than the surviving soldiers of the civil war, on both sides.

***

The newspapers, a few days ago, contained an account of the final reunion of a regiment, the Ninetieth Pennsylvania. It was attended by twenty-six men. It was stated that this was the first veteran association in the Keystone State to yield to the ravages of time. There were in all eighty persons present, because the twenty-six old boys took with them to that last reunion their wives and children, and, some of them, their grandchildren. It is said that tears filled the eyes of the leader of these old men, as he said:

"Boys, we're getting too old, and those of us that are able to get around are so scattered we can't come together any more. This is our last banquet. We have got to bid one another good-bye. For more than three months we traveled from one point to another, and finally faced the enemy at Front Royal. Then we fought at Cedar Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, South Mountain, Gettysburg," then the old colonel's voice faltered, for it was at Gettysburg that one-third of his men were lost, "and Mine Run," and the old man faltered again, "Mine Run, where our regiment was annihilated."

It was true. Of the thousand strong men who made up the original regiment, only 110 were left to face the enemy at Mine Run. Ninety-eight of these were killed, wounded or captured. After Mine Run, there was no Ninetieth Pennsylvania.

Not all regiments have a history like that. Any regiment might have had a like experience. Many did. Most of the regiments must soon hold their last reunion. The old soldiers are dying at the rate of thirty full regiments a year. But during all the forty years since Appomattox, the men who now wear the little bronze button, have been the beloved of their fellow-citizens everywhere. They have had the thanks of the Republic. Other claims and qualifications being equal, they have usually been given the right of way to public preferment, especially when disabled. If old and poor, they have been given homes. The children in the schools seeing all this, have learned to love and revere them. Because they are so fast passing away, and

because the children share the common regard for them so fully. I hope all superintendents will arrange with the nearest commander of a Grand Army post to detail one or more veterans as speakers at the school exercises.

Above all, let us remember that Memorial Day is but one day in the year, and while its impressive lesson should never be omitted, every day of the school year is ours to do whatever can be done by training, to make each succeeding generation stronger, and better, and more steadfast in all things which count for patriotic American citizenship.

ALFRED BAYLISS,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

To Post Commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic. Department of Illinois:

You are hereby requested to coöperate in all practicable ways with superintendents of schools, or teachers, who ask for assistance in connection with the pre-Memorial exercises in any public or private school; especially to detail a suitable comrade to address the children, if it is desired.

As soon as convenient after Memorial Day, I would like to receive a report from you giving the number of schools in your vicinity in which appropriate Memorial Day exercises were held, and the names of the comrades who responded to details for this duty.

ALFRED BAYLISS,
Department Patriotic Instructor.

The readers of this pamphlet are indebted to Major Edward S. Johnson, 7th Illinois, Custodian of the Lincoln Monument, for the fine pictures of the four bronze groups, representing the four arms of the service. They were designed by Larkin G. Meade, and stand upon the pedestals at the foot of the four corners of the Monument.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE FLAG.

In memory of the 350,000 Union soldiers who lost their lives during the Civil war on May 30, Memorial day, each year the United States displays its flag at half staff at all army posts, stations, and national cemeteries from sunrise till midday. Immediately before noon a dirge is played by the band or field music and the national salute of twenty-one guns is fired. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag is hoisted to the top of the staff and remains there until sunset. The idea is that the national ensign is too sacred an object to be long in mourning for any man or number of men, no matter how exalted their rank.

The flag reversed, with the union down, indicates distress. The flag on anything but a fort, actually beseiged, should never be displayed between sunset and sunrise.

When the flag is to be displayed at half mast it is lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top before it is finally lowered.

The regulations of the board of education of Chicago are that the flag shall be displayed on all schoolhouses on Monday mornings during the school year and on legal holidays, excepting that flags must not be displayed during storms whenever they are likely to injure or destroy the flag.

We have in Chicago people of all races, fifty-four different nationalities, 167,000 Polish, 100,000 Bohemians, 61,000 Russians, 42,000 Italians, etc. The public schools are our salvation and every school flys the American flag. On a certain schoolhouse in Kenwood last Washington's birthday the flag was found flying reversed, upside down. The Hibernian engineer, who had charge of its display, said he had intrusted it to his assistant, an ex-Greek soldier, who claimed to be posted on flags.

The association asks all speakers on Memorial day and in exercises before school children to make a special effort to impress on the minds of their hearers what the flag means to all of them. To every scholar in the United States are applicable these words of Ambassador General Horace Porter. spoken two years ago at West Point.

"The flag of our country is not simply a piece of bunting, which can be purchased for a few dimes in the nearest shop: it is not a mere cluster of brilliant colors; it is the emblem of dignity. authority. power. Insult it and millions will spring to its defense. In this free land there is no sovereign. no crown; our sole emblem of fidelity to country is the flag."

C. L. HAMMOND.
Secretary Illinois United States Flag Association.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG FOR SCHOOLS.

At a given hour in the morning the pupils are assembled and in their places in the school. A signal is given by the principal of the school. Every pupil rises in his place. The flag is brought forward to the principal or teacher. While it is being brought forward from the door to the stand of the principal or teacher every pupil gives the flag the military salute. which is as follows:

The right hand uplifted. palm upward. to a line with the forehead. close to it. While thus standing with the palm upward and in the attitude of salute, all the pupils repeat together slowly and distinctly the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands.
One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words. as pronounced in this pledge. "To my Flag" each one extends the right hand gracefully. palm upward. toward the flag until the end of the pledge affirmation. Then all hands drop to one side. The pupils. still standing. all sing together in unison the song "America"—"My Country 'Tis of Thee."

In the primary departments. where the children are very small. they are taught to repeat this, instead of the pledge as given for the older children:

"I give my head and my heart to God and my Country.
One Country, one Language, one Flag."

In some schools the salute is given in silence. as an act of reverence. unaccompanied by any pledge. At a signal. as the flag reaches its station. the right hand is raised palm downward. to a horizontal position against the forehead, and held there until the flag is dipped and returned to a vertical position. Then. at a second signal. the hand is dropped to the side and the pupil takes his seat.

The silent salute conforms very closely to the military and naval salute to the flag.

CAVALRY GROUP.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

INFANTRY GROUP.

A MISSIVE TO MOTHER OF FIVE SONS SLAIN IN BATTLE.

NEW YORK, March 5.— Soiled and faded, torn and frayed, a letter written by Abraham Lincoln a few months before his assassination has been found in some rubbish and papers on Broadway, New York City, near the postoffice. It reads as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.:

"I have been shown in the file of the war department a statement to the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only the cherished memory of loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN."

ARTILLERY GROUP.

SOLDIERS FIGHT THE BATTLES.

The author would not detract in the most infinitesimal degree from the already recorded tributes to the patriotism, the bravery and the rare military qualities of the conspicuous leaders of the late war. He would rather add additional tribute of his own to the merited eulogiums upon those whose recent deeds have become an imperishable part of the history of their country. He would be generous, and he would likewise be just. But no record of the war would be wholly just that failed to portray the unique character of the American citizen soldier, and no deductions from the lessons of the conflict can cover the ultimate logic of the case that does not consider as one of the premises this character of the soldier as it bears upon the future of this country. Official leadership is a prime factor in the issue of battles, but much of the interest of the engagement clusters around the common soldier, as well as about the officer. No estimate of battle results can be considered wholly safe that fails to include both officers and men. Indeed, it may be broadly alleged that there has been no battle fought since the beginning of human contention, where the common soldier did not largely outnumber the officers, not alone in the ranks of the contestants, but also, in the lists of the killed and wounded. Had it been ordered otherwise from the beginning, the study of the rise and fall of nations would have been greatly simplified to the modern student.

Soldiers, then, have fought the battles of the world. The officers have directed them.

Within the rank and file of the Union army all classes of men were largely represented. The artisan, the farmer, the laborer, the clerk, the lawyer, the doctor, the student, the man of letters, the man of wealth, as well as the man without means—all of these voluntarily left families and friends, and many of them comfortable homes and more or less remunerative occupations, to suffer the hard fare of a common soldier's life. The case of the inventor of the sewing machine, who, though possessing a large private fortune, became a soldier in the ranks upon the pay of $22 per month, must be well remembered.

—*Logan.*

NAVAL GROUP.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The war begot a spirit of independence and enterprise. The feeling now is, that a youth must cut loose from his old surroundings to enable him to get up in the world. There is now such a commingling of the people that particular idioms and pronunciations are no longer localized to any great extent; the country has filled up "from the centre all around to the sea." railroads connect the two oceans and all parts of the interior: maps, nearly perfect, of every part of the country are now furnished the student of geography.

The war has made us a nation of great power and intelligence. We have but little to do to preserve peace, happiness and prosperity at home, and the respect of other nations. Our experience ought to teach us the necessity of the first, our power secures the latter.

I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederates. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy; but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last. seemed to be the beginning of the answer to "Let us have peace."—*Grant.*

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

Our fathers ordained that in this republic there should be no distinctions: but human nature is stronger than laws, and nothing can prevent this people from showing honor to all who have deserved well of the country. Every man who has borne arms with credit has earned and is sure to receive a special measure of regard. And it is our peculiar privilege to remember that our armies and navies, regular and volunteer, have always been worthy of esteem. In distant generations, under different flags in conflicts great and small, by land and by sea, they have always borne their part nobly. The men who fought at Louisville beneath the meteor flag of England; the men who stood with Washington at Yorktown; with Lincoln in the Black Hawk war; with Crockett at the Alamo; with Taylor at Buena Vista; with Grant at Vicksburg, and with Lee at Appomattox were of the stuff of which not only soldiers, but citizens, are made. And in our own time the young men who stormed the hill of San Juan and have borne our flag with such honor to the forbidden city of Pekin and the jungles of Luzon have shown that their progenitors bred true. The men of today are as good Americans as the men of yesterday, and the men of tomorrow, with God's blessing, will be the same. The dominant characteristic of every American army that has ever stepped to the tap of a drum has been valor and humanity. They have, in the long run, carried nothing but good to any land they have occupied. As our comrade McKinley —of blessed memory—said: "The flag has never floated over any region but in benediction."

JOHN HAY.

"I see before me here men who won high honors serving as comrades in arms of General Slocum, and I know that there exists in the Union no man who will appreciate more the fact that now, forty years after the war, the crowning triumph of what they did is to be found in the fact that we have a genuinely reunited country—a country in which the man who wore the blue stretches out the hand of loyal friendship to his erstwhile foe, his now devoted friend and fellow countryman, the man who were the gray.

"Think of it, my fellow countrymen! Think of what a thrice-blessed fortune has been ours that the greatest war that the nineteenth century saw after the close of the Napoleonic struggle should have left, not as most wars inevitably do and must leave, memories of bitterness, dishonor and shame to offset the memories of glory—memories which make the men on one side hang their heads—but should have left to the victors and vanquished alike, after the temporary soreness is over, the same right to feel the proudest satisfaction in the fact that the Union was saved and the greatest pride in the honor, the gallantry, the devotion to the right as each side had given it the right to see —the right done alike by those who overcame as victors and those who finally went down in defeat"

* * * * * * *

"We cannot afford as a people ever to forget for one moment that ability, far-sightedness, iron resolution, perseverance, willingness to do and dare, are qualities to be admired only if they are put at the service of the right, at the service of decency and justice.

"The man who possesses those qualities and does not shape his course by a fundamental and unwavering moral principle is a menace to each and all of us; and thrice foolish, thrice wicked is the other man who condones his shortcomings because of his intellectual or physical strength and prowess.

"No amount of good intention, no amount of sweetness in life, no amount of appreciation of decency avails in the least in the rough work of the world as we find it, unless back of the honesty of purpose, back of the decency of life and thought, lies the power that makes a man a man. It is true of the individual and it is true of the nation. It is to the last degree desirable. I will put it stronger than that—it is absolutely essential that this nation, if it is to hold the position in the future that it has held in the past, must act not only within but without its own borders in a spirit of justice and of large generosity toward all other peoples."—ROOSEVELT.

FIRST DECORATION DAY.

The following incident related by our well-known citizen some years ago found its way into print and has traveled through the realm of newspaperdom. We republish it, for it may help to consecrate the Nation's Memorial day to its original purpose and help to keep down the festivities which seem to have been associated with its observance. Memorial Sunday and Decoration day belong to mankind for a different purpose than many seem to imagine. Perhaps the incident below recorded may awaken in some degree the true inspiration:

The first decoration of the graves of Union soldiers of which there is any record was witnessed by Surgeon Fred W. Byers, of the Ninety-sixth Illinois volunteer infantry, now surgeon general of the National guard of the state of Wisconsin. In the spring of 1865 he was en route to East Tennessee from Huntsville, Ala., with a railroad hospital train, via Stevenson and Chattanooga. The weather was of that delightful kind so enjoyable in that portion of the South. After leaving Knoxville he rode on the engine, and thus had a splendid view of the magnificent scenery in passing through that mountain region. Near the end of the day the train stopped to "wood up." In a grove close by, a group of bareheaded rustic maidens, clad in homespun dresses, were seen with bunches, bouquets, and wreaths of wild flowers which they were strewing upon little mounds.

Comrade Byers did not have time to learn for whom or why they were engaged in so unique and interesting a ceremony, but later, as he returned through that section, he stopped at a farmhouse, where he met and recognized one of the girls, and asked what she and her little friends were doing with the wild flowers that evening. A plain, beautiful story was told in a simple, frank way as follows:

"Us girls went out there to drop flowers on the graves of some of our soldiers who were killed in a cavalry fight. They were buried in the woods by our folks. We didn't know them: we don't know their names, but I told the girls that we would put flowers over them, and then some day somebody, I hope, will drop flowers on my brother's grave. We don't know where his grave is: we only know that he was killed at Stone River. He was Union, sir, and so was my father."

THIS WAS NEWS FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

These thoughts, reflections and facts are written on Sunday, Oct. 5, 1902, a day filled with autumn's changing glories.

Thirty-eight years ago the eyes of a nation were upon Allatoona Pass, Georgia, garrisoned by less than 2,000 young men. Perhaps the destiny of a nation of sixty million people depended on the courage, integrity, patriotism and fidelity of those boys. They were boys—but they were men.

There is a feeling that the old soldiers will tell any kind of a yarn when they talk war stories, but this October 5th anniversary is too serious to suggest anything that is not truthful. In the presence of the great little event which suggested the song: "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming." In the presence of the dead, we can afford to tell the truth only.

The anniversary of this day suggests thoughts for memory and tears.

It was in the fall of 1864, during Abraham Lincoln's second campaign. The question whether sixty or more millions of freemen could govern themselves was on trial.

The Union army under Sherman had captured Atlanta. The march from Atlanta to the sea had been planned. Sherman's army was camping around Atlanta and Kenesaw.

At Allatoona Pass, 18 miles north of Kenesaw, about 2,000 Union men guarded 2,000,000 rations and 8,000 beef cattle for Sherman's army, all that army had for the march to the sea. Six thousand Confederate infantry and artillery under General French got in the rear of Sherman's main army and surrounded the Allatoona garrison.

Under a flag of truce, French sent a message to General Corse, in command of the Union forces, saying he would give the garrison just five minutes to surrender "in order to save the unnecessary effusion of blood." Corse replied that the garrison was ready for that "effusion" as soon as his assailant chose to begin it.

Then followed the fiercest charges and the bloodiest carnage and slaughter of that war. It was the greatest little battle of the century. After eight hours of the most desperate musketry and artillery duel on record, the rebels retreated.

The boys in blue held the fort. The 2,000,000 rations and 8,000 beef cattle were saved for Sherman's army, and the march to the sea could be made. The battle was over.

Then a shout of triumph went up from those hills. Even the wounded joined in the rejoicing. The dying looked up at the flag of the Union, still proudly floating over the fort, and thanked God that they had been able to help to keep it there.

According to French's report the Confederates lost 1,500 killed and wounded, nearly as many as were engaged on the Union side when the battle commenced, and they left 800 guns on the field.

The Union force of less than 2,000 lost 713 men before the enemy was repulsed, over one-third the number engaged.

All the field officers of the garrison, except four, were either killed or wounded. Officers and privates alike loaded and fired muskets and cannon. Rank neither gave nor sought immunity from the heat and burden of the battle.

For hours not a command was heard. All that met our eyes was the rocky ridges that spoke with tongues of flame.

The sun went down upon an awful scene! Mutterings of thunder rolled through the valleys and gorges, and lightning flashed around the mountain. It was a fitting afterpiece to the tragedy of the day. Nature's tear drops fell in torrents as if to wash the red stain away. The blood disappeared, but the scars remained, though most of them have long since been hidden under a friendly sod in a land they helped to make free. Flashes of lightning cast lurid light upon many scenes of horror: and so the long, dreary night wore away.

The wounded received as much care as it was possible to give them. The dead were buried. Gathered together by companies and regiments, wrapped in their blankets, they lay side by side near the long shallow grave in the breast of the mountain.

That burial scene cannot be forgotten by those who saw it, so long as they live. The roar of battle is exchanged for silence that is oppressive. Men, whose voices shouted defiance to the enemy, now spoke in whispers, or stood silent. Hearts that had stood unmoved through all that storm could not withstand the power of that scene of blood and suffering and death. Throbbing, they yielded, and melted to tears.

The 93rd Illinois lost thirty and three-tenths per cent of the total number engaged. The 39th Iowa lost still more.

The Confederate dead were found in the woods and ravines and gulches, from day to day, and buried, until October 22.

It was a dearly bought victory: but it was a great stake. Sherman's army of sixty thousand men or more had wrought and struggled and marched and fought, day and night, for five months, and had achieved a victory in the capture of Atlanta of immense value to the Union cause. The enemy now sought to convert that victory to defeat, in a single day. The loss of Allatoona to the Union forces would have been a terrible disaster.

It was not to be so. The boys in blue that day wrote a new page of high hopes to the honor of the American volunteer soldier. and the starry flag of freedom was saved to the world.

Just before the battle the 12th Wisconsin battery had received a new flag. After the battle there were 192 bullet holes in that flag.

The headquarters tent of the 93rd Illinois stood between the fort and the enemy's lines. The tent was supported by sixteen ropes. four from each side from the tops of the walls. and four from each side from the fly. When the battle was over the tent was still standing. but it was supported by only three ropes. two on one side and one on the other: thirteen of the ropes had been severed by bullets. There was hardly a square inch of the tent that had not been penetrated by bullets.

The boys who bore the old flag to victory that day had the backbone to remain loyal to their trust. They were boys who would "take a message to Garcia." They sent a message back to the Union that cheered Freedom's cause througout the world.

Of the boys who held Allatoona Pass there are only a few left to tell the story of the day's work on October 5, 1864. which suggested the gospel hymn: "Hold the Fort. for I am Coming."—Brewer County (Ia) Independent, Oct. 9. 1902.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Honor to Wheeler's Memory.

SOLDIERS OF NORTH AND SOUTH PRAISE LIFE OF FAMOUS FIGHTER.

Special to the Record-Herald.

Atlanta, Ga., March 27—The life and deeds of Gen. Joseph Wheeler were eulogized at the memorial exercises held here today by Camp A. Wheeler's cavalry. Representatives of the veterans of the civil war and the Spanish-American war. in both of which General Wheeler took a large part. united to do him honor. A splendid military parade was planned to precede the addresses. but a drenching rain made it necessary to omit this part of the programme. The daughters of General Wheeler. Misses Annie. Lucy and Carrie Wheeler. and Mrs. Julia Harris. a sister. were present.

Maj. Charles R. Miller. Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish War Veterans. said that out of the civil war had grown an invincible army and navy. He said that now the country. with the spirit of patriotism and loyalty. must face enemies at home—the enemies of graft. greed and lawlessness.

Other speakers were Corporal James Tanner. Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic: John W. Maddox. representing Wheeler's Cavalry. and Gen. Clement A. Evans, representing the Confederate Veterans.

BLUE AND GRAY UNITE.

Special to The State Journal.

Decatur, Ill., March 27—The Decatur G. A. R. post tonight entertained abont thirty Confederate Veterans at its hall. Such an occasion is very uncommon. Jesse McNeill of Seymour, a noted confederate during the war was present.

—2 M

BLUE AND GRAY FORM SOCIETY.

CIVIL WAR VETERANS OF BOTH SIDES ORGANIZE ONE BAND IN ATLANTA.

Atlanta, Ga., March 29—Final organization of the veterans' association of the blue and the gray and their sons was effected today at the second day's sessions of the state organizations of the civil war veterans, the officers elected, alternating between northern and southern veterans were the following:

Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C., commander-in-chief: adjutant-general, Capt. A. M. Clarke, Southern Pines, N. C., senior vice commander-in-chief, Dr. W. H. Cyrus, Palatka, Fla.: junior vice commander-in-chief, D. B. Mull, Fitzgerald, Ga.: chaplain, the Rev. E. Henry Byrons, New Haven, Conn.: surgeon-general, Dr H. A. Murphy, St. Petersburg, Fla.: judge advocate, Gen. W. H. Williams, Abbeville, Ga.

Heretofore the blue and the gray have existed only as separate organizations.

One of the best soldiers who ever shouldered a musket in any army, who served three years in a regiment that lost three colonels in action, and then re-enlisted, neglected to join the Grand Army of the Republic for nearly forty years. He was all right, but the strenuous life had kept him head over ears in business. A few months ago he was "mustered in." Called upon for an explanation of his dilatory action, he responded that he did not know that he could give any other than the fact that of late when he happened to say anything about the war, or when Memorial day came around, he had fancied that his boys looked at him with a big question mark in their eyes, as though they suspected there was something the matter with his war record, and he couldn't quite stand for that.

HE WEARS THE BUTTON ON HIS COAT.

WILLIAM BERNARD NORTON, PH. D.
Author of "My Father Was a Soldier."

Hats off! They pass with measured tread;
Their step is slow. Make bare your head!
If president or king passed by
Your eager shouts would rend the sky.
These men are kings and heroes all.
We pause—the shining roll we call:
On each the seal of honor set.
He needs no other coronet—
He wears the button on his coat.

'Tis true his coat is old and worn—
A flag is honored most when torn—
The very plainness of his dress
May mark his undeserved distress.
His rags, as eloquent as wounds,
In silence speak with trumpet sounds
Not scorning, but a brother's need,
A healing of his scars, they plead.—
He wears the button on his coat

If sin has marked his soul with stain.
    If habit thralls with galling chain,
We will not lightly say, "Who cares?"
To God we lift for him our prayers.
    Our eyes drop pity, sorrow's cup
    We drink, but will not give him up,
Though bound a present captive slave.
He fought his country's life to save.—
    He wears the button on his coat.

But some this small brown button wear
    Who little knew a soldier's fare:
The weary march, the clash of arms,
The dangers and the wild alarms.
    Not deeds but purposes as well
    The glory of the soldier tell.
By virtue of the oath he swore,
And of the loyal heart he bore.
    He wears the button on his coat.

This button, comrades, oft may rest
    Upon a freedman's swarthy breast.
If he by valor won the prize,
His haters, not his skin despise.
    His heart may be as white as snow,
    And proudly in his veins may flow
A soldiers blood as warm and red
As e'er in freedom's cause was shed—
    He wears the button on his coat.

This bronze is neither bought nor sold;
    No price has it in market gold.
Of cannon forged, its origin
Was fire and smoke and battle din.
    Like fife and drum and bugle call,
    Like whistling of the Minnie ball.
Like human lips oft tried with pain,
It speaks a language stern and plain.
    This somber button on the coat.

How fade the pomp and rank of war!
    Dishonor is the only bar
To this day's equal comradeship—
The heart outspeaking through the lip.
    Not age, nor wealth, nor chance of birth,
    Nor other ministries of worth—
One claim, alone, our right to ask.
"For country's weal, shared he the task?"—
    Then place the button on his coat.

The silent army! O'er their graves
    The dear old flag in beauty waves.
Spring flowers their sweetest fragrance shed,
Love's votive off'ring to our dead.
    Shall altar fires, unfed, grow cold?
    Shall love lose heart by waxing old?
Forbid! The rather let us vow
To ever honor him as now
    Who wore the button on his coat.

We pledge the blue eyes of our youth,
Their strength, their hope, their love of truth.
The blue sky witnesses our oath,
The ocean blue our solemn troth,
And ev'ry sweet blue violet
Will have a voice, if we forget,
While float the stars and stripes in view,
The loyal men who donned the blue,
Who wore the button on the coat.

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

F. M. FINCH.

[The sentiment of this poem originated in the action of the women of Columbus, Miss., when they decorated alike the graves of the Blue and the Gray.]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue:
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue:
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender—
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray;

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue;
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

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The Common School stands by the Flag which "has never floated over any region but in benediction."